

To-Morrow Decides World's Heavyweight Championship

PUT MORRISSEY ON MOURNERS' BENCH

Bugs Take Six Runs From Colts in Three Innings.

SALVE DID WELL, BUT 'TWA TOO LATE

Sent Into Box After Morrissey's Collapse, Though He Could Not Stem Tide of Hard Luck That Swept Lawlor's Men Down to Cruel Defeat.

Virginia League.

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.
Richmond, 1; Danville, 8.
Lynchburg, 5; Norfolk, 2.
Norfolk, 5; Portsmouth, 2.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

Club	Won	Lost	P.C.	Year
Danville	35	20	.636	.520
Richmond	27	24	.529	.554
Lynchburg	27	24	.529	.554
Richmond	26	29	.473	.554
Portsmouth	23	30	.434	.400
Lynchburg	24	32	.429	.436

WHERE THEY PLAY MONDAY.

Danville at Richmond (morning and afternoon).
Richmond at Lynchburg (morning and afternoon).
Portsmouth at Norfolk (morning and afternoon).

Three triple baggers, two double baggers, a bunch of errors, and the sympathy of all concerned, to say nothing of six runners who gamboled across the plate while he was in the box, smeared the frosted kibosh all over Morrissey yesterday, and landed him in the dog house before one-third of the game had been played. Incidentally, the final score was 8 to 1, with Danville holding all the high cards.

Old Dame Fortune shot hard luck at the Colts with a scatter gun, and every slug of it landed in the place for which it was intended. Everything happened that could happen, and some things came pretty near happening that were patently impossible. There was a hoo-doo sitting on every bag, and the inverted horseshoe smacked a Colt in the face at every turn. In addition to the hard luck handicap which was smeared from start to finish, and laid thickly over the raw places, the Colts were stacked up against a bunch of batters who had absolutely no consideration for the feelings of the home team. The Bugs became grouchy if the batted ball stopped short of the centre field fence, and unless a runner came home at every swat there was talk of cheating going on under cover.

Started in First.
That lusty youth Rickert started the trouble in the very first inning by clouting the ball into left field for a safety. Steve Griffin decided on a sacrifice, and a sacrifice it was, with Rickert on second base and the goods going skyward. Sullivan didn't do anything but advance Rickert to third and give Hooker a chance to play to the grandstand.

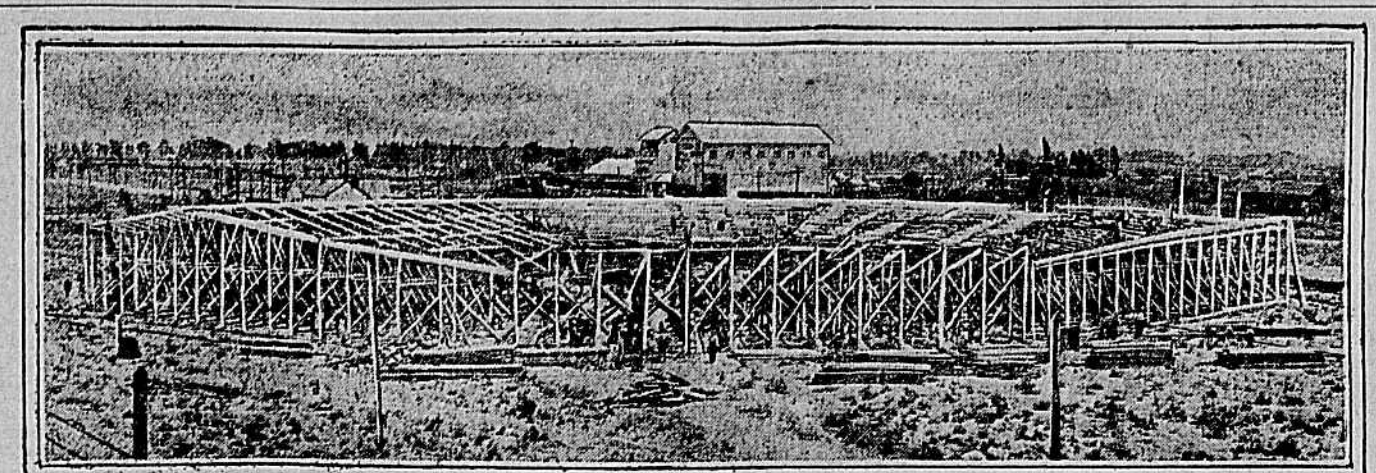
Hooker's behavior was plumb vulgar. Nothing more than a slight tap was necessary to put Rickert home as safe as a satchel bag in Jeffries' training camp, but he would have all or nothing. He swung on that poor little ball as if it were a comet, and when the rootsers began to cheer the pleasant little ditty, "Take it all, boy, and I'll go hungry," he was on prize base with one man sound asleep in the home port.

In the second inning Danville saw the first base and first base just one. Gaston was the disorganizer to begin the fight by smacking out a line drive at the very point where Burke wasn't. He was sacrificed by Laughlin. Then Priest decided to call Hooker's bat and slammed a drive against the centre field fence for three sacks of sawdust. Of course, Gaston cantered home. Rickert came forward, and Mayberry had fanned, and with one of those smirking "I-hate-to-do-it" expressions, salvaged the ball for a double-bagger. He was thrown out trying to come home, and the extra hit that Griffin got a moment afterwards didn't count for a thing.

Beat on More Murder.
After the instructive and entertaining exhibition of the first and second innings, the rootsers decided that it was time to stop beating up children, and called for baseball. But nothing doing. Danville wanted to show the real reason why the top of the pole is covered with Bugs, and in that third inning turned loose with murderous intent.

With one out in this inning Morrissey was careless enough to present Hooker with a base on balls. No sooner had Hooker settled down for a good rest on first base than Schrader broke loose with a sound like a twelve-lb. shell and nestled the ball again under the eaves of the clubhouse for a three-bagger. Gaston offered himself up for the country's west and got the laurels, but Schrader beat the ball to the home plate and both were safe. Laughlin nailed a cruel slap for a double-bagger and Gaston came home in a canter. Then it was that Lawlor decided to present Morrissey with a view of the inner circle of the hook, and Salve went in to try to retire the Danville team for that inning at least. Laughlin had edged down to third base when Salve took up the reins of office, and when Priest sent a long fly

ARENA WHERE JEFFRIES AND JOHNSON WILL DO BATTLE



THE ARENA AT RENO

FIGHT BETWEEN BULL AND TIGER

Muldoon Points Out Differences Between Jeffries and Johnson.

THINKS IT EVEN MONEY BET

Outcome Will Depend Upon Judgment Exercised by Each Man.

BY WILLIAM MULDOON.

Reno, Nev., July 2.—In my opinion it should be even money, and take your choice, and my choice would be Jeffries. A person who wants to make wagers on the number of rounds is indeed a reckless gambler. Everything is done that is going to be done to ward off the physical conditions of the two pugilists. These two perfectly trained and magnificent specimens of the human animal will do nothing now but rest until the hour arrives for them to face one another in the ring. So far as I am able to judge, they are both in excellent physical condition. Either one is perfectly able to defeat the other, judging them from a physical standpoint. The outcome of the contest, therefore, will depend upon the judgment exercised by each one, and the superiority of one's ideas of what is best to do, and doing it at the right time.

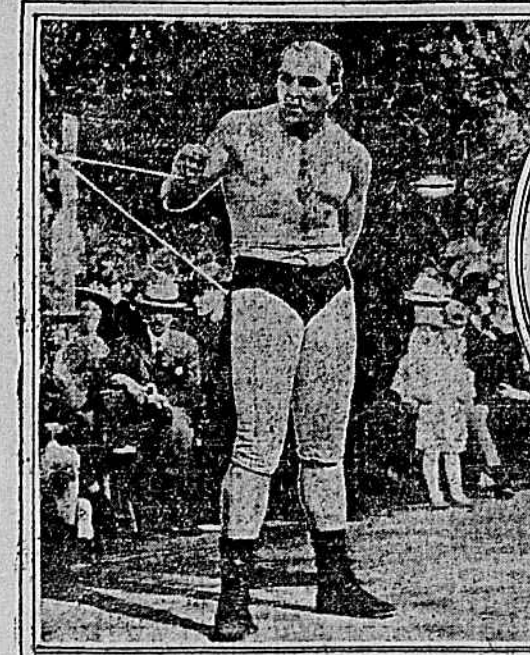
Jeffries is a man who might be called a peculiar character. He has his peculiarities, and while he is a very shrewd, thoughtful person, willing to listen to any one who he thinks can offer him any good advice, perfectly willing to carry on a conversation with any person he thinks can enlighten him on any subject, he has no use for idle, shallow-brained persons who, out of curiosity, offer a tremendous load of cheap advice and accumulated gossip. He does not like the idea of trying to satisfy people's curiosity.

Ten years ago, when he had reached the pinnacle of fame in his profession, he was young and fond of excitement, proud of his success, and would suit the average person much better and create a much more favorable impression than in his present state of mind. He seems to have but one object in view now, and that is to succeed in his undertaking. He fully appreciates the great responsibility he has before him. If I am any judge of character, he is the right man in the right place, mentally and physically, on this occasion.

He should be all right as far as they go, but as a matter of fact, these two men are going to face one another and plan their battle as they go along. There is only one thing that they both have fixed in their mind, and that is they will take advantage of every possible opening, and to the right of the fight, for either of these men, as they feel to-day, would rather drop dead in the ring than to meet with defeat.

Of course, Jeffries is the most serious and determined of the two. He has a good right to be, for I believe there is 50 per cent. of the human race most anxious for him to win, and he fully realizes this. Being of a serious, sincere, thoughtful nature, he is better able to appreciate the importance of his undertaking. To Johnson, should he lose, the loss means much less, for he is also far-sighted. He never fights again, win or lose, and will retire, which will leave Johnson the champion.

Johnson is a Fatalist.
Johnson is a very shrewd, smart fellow, with an exceptionally quiet and reserved mind. He is also far-sighted. He is a fatalist, and, therefore, is relieved of the fear and apprehension and worry of looking ahead. He is of an extremely selfish nature, and has no use for any one in the world excepting to use them for his convenience, and when they are no longer of any use, he will throw them aside as he would an old tool that had become worn out.



JEFFRIES EXERCISING AT HIS QUARTERS



JEFFRIES DECLARES HE IS READY; CONFIDENT HE WILL BEAT JOHNSON

Big Fighter Says He Is Prepared for Anything That Comes Along, and Does Not Know How Hard or Long the Battle Will Be—Is Tired of Shaking Hands With Visitors, but Rejoices That the Contest Has Attracted So Many Celebrities of the Sporting World.

BY JAMES J. JEFFRIES.

(Copyright, 1910, American-Journal-Examiner.)

Reno, Nev., July 2.—I am going to call a halt on this thing of shaking hands with everybody that comes along; if I don't I am afraid that I'll wear my right wrist out before I even have a chance to use it on Johnson.

Seriously speaking, I believe that I have broken all of my former hand-shaking records since I came to Moana Springs.

The rush to my camp during the last four or five days has been something wonderful. I remember of reading how candidates for office used to refer to the duty of shaking several hundred people by the hand each day as the most trying part of their ordeal, and I recall that I thought at the time that they were making some sort of grandstand bid for sympathy. I'll take it all back. I've had it brought home to me. This thing of shaking hands three or four hundred times in twenty-four hours is a tough game.

I have been glad to meet all of my old friends, though, and I am proud of many of the new acquaintances that I have met during the training siege. I guess that Johnson and myself can claim the record of bringing together more celebrities of the sporting world than any two boxers ever drew before.

Many Notables Present.
I sat at the table under the shade yesterday playing a game of hearts, but my mind wasn't on the game. I was looking around at the crowd picking out different men, noted in their own particular line. I picked up a pencil that we were using to keep track of the game with, and started jotting down the names of the celebrities that were walking back and forth over the lawn. I'll reproduce this list here just for the sake of illustration, the class of sporting men that have been brought to Nevada to see this fight. Just look at this list:

John L. Sullivan, Frank Hall, Tommy

Burns, Hugh D. MacIntosh, Bill Lang,

Sam Langford, Tom Jones, Joe Wool-

man, Abe Attell, Bat Nelson, Stanley

Ketchel, Tim Sullivan.

You understand now this list doesn't represent a hundredth part of the total number of visiting celebrities, but it shows the calibre of the sporting men here. The newspaper men have told me that never before, nor never again, will there be so many of their kind meet at one event. I am just a trifle proud of this fact. I had grown so tired and weary of meeting people that I didn't even look up last night when Corbett said:

"Oh, Jim, look who's here!"

When I did get a glimpse of the newcomer tho' you bet I jumped up and offered my hand. It was Frank Gotch, one of the very best friends I own, and a man I admire through and through. To my way of thought Gotch is twenty years ahead of the wrestling game.

He represents the brains of the mat game, and so far outclasses all of the other heavyweight wrestlers that he has made a joke out of the championship situation. Not only that, Gotch is a real man. I am glad that he will be with us on our tour of the world. I like to have Frank with me.

I overheard a Chicago man criticizing Gotch. He said: "That fellow is so close that he has the first dollar he ever made. Back in Combs he owns a big farm, and he works every inch of ground for twice what it is worth. I don't think he ever spent an extra nickel in his life."

I butted right in and said: "Yes, that is all in Frank's favor. We won't be giving any benefit performances for him."

Ready to Meet Johnson.
The man who is waiting to take this copy to the telegraph office just asked me to say something about my work, that the people wanted to know what I was doing.

The answer is that I am doing nothing, and what is more I don't intend to do anything until next Monday afternoon, when I will undertake to whip Jack Johnson.

It may be an easy job, it may be a hard one. It may be a short fight, it may be a long one.

I am prepared for anything that comes along. I have told you for two straight mornings that I was all ready for the fight. I'm still ready, and with only a few hours to wait I am confident that I can beat this big black man.

I can't say much more than this, can I?

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PUZZLED AT ODDS.

Johnson Thinks It's Funny That Under-

estimated Man Holds Small End.

BY JACK JOHNSON.

Reno, July 2.—I'm just loading around the place this afternoon, and will do some more loading to-morrow. That will be the last day before the eventful Fourth, and then we will all really know whether I am the best fighter in the world or not.

This morning I went over to the arena in an auto, and looked at the ring. I am surprised at the rapidity at which Rickard and Gleason's contractors have put up such a fine place, and it looks to me as if everybody who gets inside will have a fine view of what goes on in the arena. It was agreed that the platform should extend two feet further out from the ropes, so that there would be no chance of either of us slipping off the platform.

All the arrangements made by the promoters have been satisfactory to me so far, and I don't think there will be any kick from my camp about anything connected with the fight. I will keep from drinking liquors to-morrow, and let my weight drop to 205 by the drying out process. That will be the highest that I ever fought at.

(Continued on Third Page.)

ALL IN READINESS FOR GREAT BATTLE

Training Is Finished, Fighters in Best of Condition, and Everybody Anxious for a Square Deal.

JEFFRIES CAN'T OUTLINE HIS PLAN OF ATTACK

Johnson a Close Student of In-Fighting, and Will Be Prepared to Meet Any Emergency That May Arise—Black Man Is Confident and Shows Utter Lack of Apprehension.

BY W. W. NAUGHTON.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

Reno, Nev., July 2.—The end is almost in sight now. All that outdoor work or indoor work can do for Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson has been done. They may sprint or stroll, but for long distance trudging the dusty highways will know them no more. To-day the punching bags are dangling unmolested, and the bruised faces of sparring partners are given an opportunity to heal. It is taken for granted that the rival heavyweights are in good condition and that nothing growing out of the men's preparation for the big fight has been withheld.

It is the time for naming your choice and making your bet—that is, if you are a betting man. The excitement has become intense, and the public minds so sensitive that any kind of opinion almost leaves its impress.

Will Be Square Fight.

On one point there is more unanimity than there was even a month ago. It is felt that it will be a square fight—a bitter struggle between two men, to each of whom victory means more than it ever meant before. It is felt further that the better man will be not cramped in his efforts to win. When the match was first made I heard men say, "I'd hate to be in Johnson's shoes if he is winning." The inference was that no crowd would stand for seeing the hope of the white race battered down by a negro.

Not so long ago the same kind of talk was still being heard, and it had its effect on Johnson. He asked Tex Rickard to provide him with ample protection in the shape of determined men in case he showed himself superior to big Jim Jeffries.

Personally I do not believe that Johnson's head would have been injured, no matter where the event took place. But once the two fighters came in over the borders of Nevada the event ceased to be the "clash of the races," and Johnson's spirits rose. He feels that in this section his complexion or his race will cut no figure. The winner will be cheered, and the loser will not be marked for execution. To make doubly sure on this point, the State police and every kind of police that will be on duty around that ring have been told to keep a sharp lookout for spectators who are inclined to revile. The first who hollers "Kill the dingo" or "Sink the big white dub" will be pounced upon without ceremony and will have a few bumps to feel when he reaches the open.

Variety of Ideas.

What kind of a fight will it be? Here there is a variety of ideas. A few days ago the feeling prevailed that Jeffries would go at Johnson open-mouthed and demolish him before you could say Jack Robinson. Jeffries has discouraged the idea. Incidentally he has discouraged some of those who are close to him and have his interest at heart. The men referred to are a little dubious of consequences, anyhow, because Jeffries has not practiced boxing to the extent they consider necessary. As far as Jeffries's shoes if he makes it a rushing fight, they are not so much concerned, however, as it was felt that with Jeffries's catapulsive force and powers of resistance he would play with Johnson's cleverness.

Jeffries, if his latest utterances are any guide, hasn't made up his mind to tear to close quarters and emulate the whirlwind. He says that a man who outlines that plan of attack, not knowing what the other man may be bent on doing, is a fool. He intimates that if Johnson fights carefully he may follow suit, and that so far as cleverness is concerned, he is not afraid of his ability to land on Johnson in any kind of a fight.

Herein Jeffries's advisers scent danger. They fear that Jim's pride has been touched by the talk of Johnson's wonderful talent as a boxer and that he is possessed of a desire to prove to the public that he doesn't have to take off his hat to Johnson when it comes to leading, blocking or judging distance. The one grain of comfort in the reason, so far as Jeffries's friends are concerned, is that they don't believe he knows what he is going to do. They are positive that one good, sharp, blood-bringing clip from Johnson will arouse the tiger in Jeffries and that after that the fighting will be fast and furious.

It is very evident that Jeffries's advisers believe that Johnson will be at a disadvantage in a bout that consists mainly of slugging. Otherwise, of course, Jeffries would not be warned so repeatedly that a breast-to-breast engagement holds out the greatest hopes of success for him. Johnson smiles at this. So do Johnson's friends, and no matter what the market price may be, Johnson seems to have as many friends—that is, in the sporting sense—as Jeffries.

Johnson Well Prepared.

Johnson says he has made a close study of in-fighting and will be quite prepared to deal with Mr. Jeffries in any emergency that may arise. Johnson's supporters say that the reason Johnson has never been regarded as a specialist in the slugging line is because he has never been called upon to slug to any extent. They say that he has licked all his men so easily that his merits as a slugger must remain in doubt, but that if Jeffries really proposes throwing the cards and tierce of boxing to the winds and resorting to smashing tactics, it will be found that Johnson will smother Jeffries at what is supposed to be Jeffries's own game.

Just one fragment of evidence is produced in support of the theory that Johnson is more of an in-fighter than Jeffries's camp imagines. It is pointed out that when Stanley Ketchel felled Johnson in the twelfth round of the fight at Colma, Johnson jumped to his feet and knocked Ketchel cold so quickly that half of the crowd did not see how it was done. This is mentioned for what it is worth. In the minds of a good many, the Colma affair has been "thrown out."

Johnson has a yellow streak," say the Jeffries boosters.

"Nobody has found it yet," says Johnson, and on the score that he generally wins, it is a point in defense of his own gameness which is well taken.

"Johnson is not a stiff puncher," say the fellows who are betting on Jeffries. "It took him some fourteen rounds to defeat little Tommy Burns, and even then it was more a case of police as a puncher himself," say the Johnsonites in reply. "Tommy Burns is as big as Tom Sharkey, and yet Sharkey fought Jeffries to a standstill almost in twenty rounds and again in twenty-five."

"Johnson can't hurt Jeffries," says the Jeffries crowd, and right here they become enthusiastic while telling what a human Gibraltar big Jim has proved himself in former prize ring struggles. It is instanced that he has been punched and pounded by more forceful hitters than Johnson ever knew how to be, and that he has yet to experience the sensation of being sent to the door by the smash of the glove.

They point to Jeffries's strong jaw and his iron-banded frame, and they think that Johnson's best swings and uppercuts will affect him no more than a sprinkle of water. They tell of the time when big Jim deliberately raised his arms to allow stalwart Gus Ruhlin to strike a full swing at the midriff with the right, and how he landed, meeting it at Billy Madden, over in Ruhlin's angle, who had landed. Truth to tell, many members of the Jeffries fan club believe the assimilative powers in question compromise Jeffries's best fighting asset. It is thought that even if the Johnson hitting punches slash and sting and cover Jeffries's big, broad face with blood, the big man will keep right on until such time as he can break down Johnson's guard and bring Johnson to the floor with blinding punches around the short ribs.

No Terror for the Black.

A forecast of that kind seems to have no terror for Johnson. He is as cool and confident now as he was while in camp at the Ocean Beach. There it was claimed he was so much engrossed with his racing automobile that he didn't give himself time to confure up what was in store for him. Here he has no automobile, yet his thoughts are not eating him up, and the chances of observation are now that the training is nearly over and the chances of observation are of necessity curtailed, the writer must confess that Johnson's supreme confidence and utter lack of apprehension are more of a puzzle than ever. I have only one solution to offer, and that is that Johnson believes Jeffries will repeat the lesson taught by the fighters, in which John L. Sullivan and others tried to come back, after years of absence from the ring.

I remember once being close to Johnson when some one told of Jeffries's lean and brown appearance and seeming return to physical condition.

"Yes," said Johnson, "but it's the old story. I could take my rattle-trap of an automobile, and with some paint, grease and varnish, make it look like new. If I tried to start on a journey with it, though, it would fall to pieces."

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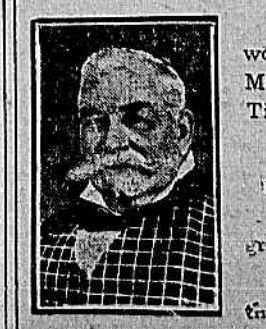
THE BIG FIGHT AT RENO.

John L. Sullivan, ex-heavyweight champion of the world, the most popular man who ever wore a mitt, and Mike Murphy, the prince of trainers, will report for The Times-Dispatch the great Fourth of July fight at Reno.

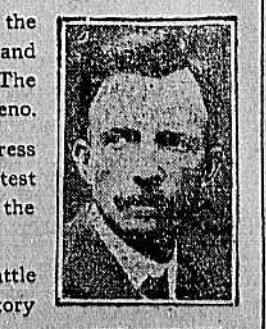
The Times-Dispatch will print the Associated Press reports as well as other special narratives of the greatest ring battles, but the most interesting features of the great fight will be the Sullivan and Murphy stories.

Readers of The Times-Dispatch will see the battle through the eyes of experts. "John L." will tell the story as he always fought—straight, fair and without frills.

(Continued on Last Page.)



JOHN L. SULLIVAN.



MIKE MURPHY.